Anne, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland [Funeral Sermons Elegies, &c.] 28

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH

Of Her moſt Gracious MAJESTY

Queen ANNE,

Who dy'd at her Palace in KENSINGTON, on the Firſt of *Auguſt* 1714.

By a late Fellow of NEW-COLLEGE in OXFORD.

O Quam Te memorem ! ----

LONDON,

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AN ELEGY, &c.

AMidſt the Tears that dutifully flow
From nobler Grief, and more diſtinguiſh'd Woe:
Amidſt the ſad Laments, that deal'd around,
Diſperſe thro' Palaces their mournful Sound,
A Muſe, unknown to Courts, preſumes to come,
And pay her Off'rings at her Sovereign's Tomb,
Since, howſoe'er defective in her Lays,
She ſhar'd her Influence, and muſt ſpeak her Praiſe.
Ah! let the fatal Day, that, big with Crime,
Puſh'd on the dire Approach of Death and Time,
No more within the Calendar appear,
But ſtill continue blotted from the Year.
Methinks I ſee the dying Monarch lie,
Peace in her Soul, and Heav'n within her Eye,
Prepar'd thro' Death for Life's Celeſtial Throne,
And Grief in ev'ry Breaſt, but in her own:
Cloſe by her Side, her faithful Female Band
In dumb Solemnity of Sorrow ſtand,
While the good QUEEN, 'til now, ſedate and calm,
Thus pours into their wounded Souls a Balm.
'Alas! my Friends, my lov'd Attendants, why
'Such an afflicting Scene before my Eye?
'Have I ſo liv'd, that I ſhould fear to die?
'Your Love to me much better would be ſhewn
'In putting Tokens of Contentment on,
'In a reſign'd Submiſſion to the Laws
'Of him that is of Life and Death the Cauſe.
'Rather give Praiſe to God, that he has pleas'd
'To let this earthly Body be diſeas'd,
'Subject to Pain, and ſuch Impreſſions bear,
'As others of my Fellow-Creatures Share;
'Since human Miſeries point out the Way,
'And mount Us to the Realms of Light and Day; Where

'Where Souls, from their Corporeal Priſons freed,
'On Immortality of Pleaſures feed.
'What Earth cou'd give, I have on Earth obtain'd;
'Renown in Counſels, and in Wars I've gain'd
'Fame, Fortune, ev'ry worldly Good is mine,
'And freely I theſe worldly Goods reſign,
'T'exchange them for Beatitudes divine.
'Yet, oh! my People's Sorrows pierce my Soul,
'How will convulſive Pangs within them rowl?
'How will ungovern'd Rage, their Breaſts invade,
'And leave 'em deſtitute of Reaſons Aid,
'When I am hurry'd to this bliſsful Scene,
'And leave them to ſurvive their breathleſs Queen.
'This, this alone, torments me to Exceſs;
'This Thought ſubjects me only to Diſtreſs,
'And makes me almoſt willing to forego
'Pleaſures above, that they may Joy below.
'But Heav'n forbids it, and the glorious Scene
'That takes its rapturous Abode within:
'Shoots thro' me with a Violence too ſtrong,
'Not to bear down the Spirits with their Throng,
'Not to precipitate their haſty Flight,
'Up to the Source of Happineſs and Light.
'Nor can theſe Fibres, or theſe Veins oppoſe
'The rapid Torrent that within them flows.
'For lo! my Sinews, and my Nerves give Way,
'My Vitals ſhrink into their laſt Decay,
'My Speech forſakes me, and my Sight grows dim,
'And Giddineſs around me ſeems to ſwim,
'As ev'ry Senſe denies a longer Stay
'In this frail Tenement of mould'ring Clay.
'Yet fain wou'd I bequeath ſome dying Words,
'To comfort thoſe diſtreſs'd ſurviving Lords;
'Fain would I mitigate my Council's Pain,
'By proving that my Loſs of Life is Gain,
'And let my dear afflicted Servants know
'The Certainty of Bliſs to which I go,
'From an uncertain State of Joy below.

‘ But Death comes on me with Aſſaults ſo ſtrong,
‘ That Words, half-ſpoke, fall trembling from my Tongue,
‘ And Nature ſinks beneath the fierce Diſeaſe,
‘ That wings me to Eternity of Eaſe,
‘ To Regions where inceſſant Pleaſures dwell,
‘ Which hurry me from hence. ---Farewel---Farewel-----
Thus her laſt Breath pronounc'd her laſt Adieu,
And thus her Soul to Heav'nly Manſions flew,
Thence to look downwards, and from thence ſurvey,
What e'en Celeſtial Raptures might allay,
In the black Scene of Duty in Diſtreſs,
That ſhews itſelf in ev'ry Subject's Face;
Could any thing like Sympathy abate
Of Extacies ſhe feels in her new-purchas'd State.
Nor could her Bounties to its Altars plead
With Heav'n, to ſcreen from Death this ſingle Head,
Tho' what ſhe in Religion's Cauſe had done,
Might be of Force to ſhelter more than one,
Could Fate's Decrees admit of a Repeal,
Or Deſtiny Remorſe of Temper feel.
Yet tho' its Laws, too rigidly ſevere,
Will nothing like an Alteration bear,
And all the Tears, and all the Sighs were ſpent,
Could not prevail to have her longer lent;
Tho' *London*'s Prayers could not a Reſpite gain,
And *Rocheſter* turn'd Suppliant once in vain,
Tho' Medicines were fruitleſly apply'd,
And Art, without Succeſs, due Methods try'd;
Tho' deaf to our Entreaties and our Cries,
The Power that gave her, ſnatch'd her from Our Eyes.
Tho' her Remains within the Grave are laid,
And Death's cold Icy Hands now crown her Head;
Tho' ſpeechleſs is that Tongue which us'd to move,
With Promiſes of Princely Care and Love:
Tho' Motion turns Deſerter from that Hand,
Which ſway'd the Scepter o'er a willing Land,
And Warmth no longer lodges in that Heart,
Which Heat to ev'ry other did impart:

She from above, enthron'd with Kindred-Saints,
In Mitigation of our juſt Complaints;
Of Government ſhall influence the Springs,
And ſhed her Rays on *Britain*'s future Kings;
Whence a long Race of Heroes ſhall ariſe,
Juſt, valiant, generous, merciful, and wiſe,
That ſhall repeat the Glories of her Reign,
And act her wond'rous Conqueſts o'er again.

So, at the fam'd *Arabian* Bird's Demiſe,
Another Phœnix ſprings, and upwards flies:
So *Caſtor*, when his Brother-Planet ſets,
Into his Poſt with Rays alternate gets,
Upwards thro' Tracts of Light to mount and ſoar,
And take that Courſe which *Pollux* took before.

The Epitaph.

HERE lies a Queen depriv'd of earthly State,
Whoſe Princely Virtues made her truly Great,
Ever the Same, *in all Degrees of Life,*
Whether a Maid, a Widow, or a Wife:
Whether the Scepter ſhe as Sovereign ſway'd,
Or, as a Subject, willingly obey'd.
Of Birth exalted, yet of humble Mind;
To Acts of Goodneſs always unconfin'd;
The Patroneſs of Levi's *ſacred Train,*
Learning's Support, that flouriſh'd in her Reign;
Juſt to the Rights belonging to the Crown,
And tender of her People's as her own:
When State requir'd, of a Majeſtick Grace;
When Condeſcention, eaſy of Acceſs.
But Fate, which all theſe Qualities had giv'n,
Again reſum'd, and took them back to Heav'n;
Where ſhe that own'd 'em's amongſt Angels ſeen,
Our Tutelary Saint, that was our Queen.

FINIS.